THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL,
Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER,
Corresponding Editor.

For the Lily.

THE STARS.

The azure sky above us,
Speaks of the power of God,
To whom in adoration,
The lofty cedars nod.

His word the law of nature,
He bade the planets rise
From out a state of chaos,
To glitter in the skies.

There, thro' transparent ether,
He bade them onward roll,
Sustained by His all-potent hand,
Around a central goal.

There still his laws uphold them,
His power doth give them bound,
As in their annual courses
They swiftly move around.

When shadows veil the earth,
And silence reigns o'er all,
Their soft and silvery radiance,
On earth do gently fall.

Like guardian angels o'er us,
They nightly vigils keep,
And teach the pilot how to guide
His vessel o'er the deep.

They show the wand'ring traveler
The way that leads aright,
And gently from the path of sin,
The erring they invite.

Throughout the wide creation,
They lure our thoughts abroad,
And silently invite us
To meditate on God. M. J. E.

RAYSVILLE, IND.

☞ The *Ladies' Enterprise*—a first class newspaper, entirely under the conduct of ladies. The editing, printing and canvassing for subscribers, is performed by women. But gentlemen as well as ladies will find it very worthy, indeed, of patronage. Address, post paid, Mrs. Kate Carroll, Boston, Mass., No. 191 Washington street. L. W. Vanderburg will act as agent in Richmond. She would be pleased to send in a nice list of names *early*. We will furnish specimen copies to those who wish them.

For the Lily.

WOMAN'S TRUST.

"Why don't father come home, mother? it is so cold and dark."

"Hush, my dear, lie down again, and go to sleep."

"I cant mother," and leave you all alone in the dark, by yourself. Oh! why don't father come, mother!—why don't he come? Will he be here before morning? O, I wish it would not come night when we are all alone, and have no fire.—Mother, won't father come?"

Thus sobbed little Willie, one cold night in January, while his patient and faithful mother sat beside his little couch, which was spread close to the hearth on which the last dying embers had gone out. Little did he know how his artless words were wringing the heart-strings of that dear mother. Well for him that he could not see the big tear drops that coursed each other in silence down the pale, thin cheeks, that even in the short memory of her dear boy had often been dimpled with joy, and flushed with radiant beauty. But now, alas! how changed; instead of these accompaniments of health and happiness, the deep lined forehead, the pale and hollow cheek and sunken eyes, but too plainly tell the heart's tale of sorrow, which has so soon brought one of fair nature's most perfect works to a miserable wreck.

Emeline Bardston left her childhood's home, where love and plenty had ever spread her path with flowers, to follow the footsteps of one whom the world—(alas! the misjudging world)—called a fitting one to guide her feet through the journey of life. Her girlish heart felt a hope and confidence opening to a superior and truer life as she thought, than she had ever known before, when the idol of her affections, with tones solemn and impressive, vowed before the hymenial altar to "love, cherish and protect" the delicate, trusting creature that his personal attractions and blandishment of manner had won from the dove's nest of a mother's bosom.

And with bright hopes of a future life of bliss, she responded to a father's blessing, "I am so happy!"

Happy, thoughtless bride! little did she think as she sank down on the soft velvet sofa beside her wedded husband, who yet retained her little hand, caressingly, that in ten short years, instead of the elegant drawing room, with its numerous luxuries and fifty chosen friends that now clustered around her, breathing blessings and wishing joys eternal, she should be unable to say that she could have even another night's shelter in the miserable habitation in which we have just seen her, cold and shivering, without food, without fire or candle, at midnight, and companionless, except her own little son of eight winters, whose very existence wrings her heart with sorrow, although she feels that in truth he is a treasure invaluable.

Like other women, she gave her heart, her hand and her all to him who plead so eloquently and vowed so sacredly that not a hair of her head should fall to the ground without his especial care. And in a few short months the happy couple were settled in their new home, where everything was provided by the fond father of the bride, and all arranged with particular regard to the well cultivated taste of his darling child, and bestowed upon HER as a bridal gift—no, not upon HER, I beg your pardon, fair reader; a married woman in our State cannot possess a bridal gift! The elegant house and grounds was a gift to Mr. Williams, and his wife was to take care of it, "to dress it and to keep it," but not like our mother *Eve*, a part of it was not hers. But the faithful Emeline, like our mother Eve, did her part well, and Glenstone was really a little paradise, with its perennial shrubs and plants, its terraced grounds, and the neatness and order of its interior.

In connection with several thousand from her wealthy father, Emeline about this time received a large legacy from her mother's patrimony. This too, of course, was the rightful property of Mr. Williams, and legally given into his hands as a matter of necessity. Flushed with being owner of so much, and inexperienced as he was, and trusting and generous, he believed the world was all just and honest, as it professed to be.

He invested his all in the mercantile business—his and that which ought to have been Emeline's—entered largely into business, much beyond his ability to manage. Sharpers saw his failings, and vigilantly watched their opportunity to fill their coffers at his counting table.

The amiable and interesting Emeline attracted to her home-circle many friends, and with them, as is usual in such cases, came some not to love and interest, but to be entertained and destroy. Their circle of friends, which was at first large, soon extended itself through the length and breadth of the town in which they lived. Social entertainments and large parties were given by many, and of course Mr. Williams, one of the first amongst the men of his years in business, must not be outdone by any. And he was not outdone, but was always found the gayest of the gay, and the freest of the free. But, there is one point in his character that my pen hesitates to trace. Alas! that it should ever have cause to reveal such a tale—but truth must be told, and vice held up to view that the unwary may see the hideous sting of the monster, that fain would be hid in glossy folds of silvery sheen.

Between Glenstone and the business house of Mr. Williams, was one of those fashionable resorts where too many young men stop to loiter away an hour of leisure, or take a draught to invigorate when an occasional care oppresses. Here Alfred Williams often met his jolly friends, and here he was often solicited by the fiend in human shape that stood beside the glittering case of spiced wines and fragrant champagne, to take a social glass. And here he did take the social glass, and drank and drank again, day after day, until its dregs were gall and bitterness to both soul and body.

Under the excitement of wine, one morning he made a bad speculation, and in less than six months the all was gone.

On examination it was found that many debts were to be met that in his mad pursuit of folly had been forgotten. Creditors rushed in and seized the whole. The devil incarnate who had been at his work of ruin with every energy of his

soul, pouring out daily potations of poison for the thoughtless youth, now came forward with the might of the law, at the head of his long list of bills, and at one sweep took the loved *bridal* gift of the fond father, who had in mercy been called to a life of joy and rest, that "liquor venders" dare not hope to gain, before he had seen his darling daughter turned an outcast on a friendless world, without a shelter for her delicate form, or a pillow to rest her aching head upon.

She wrapped a thick warm shawl around an infant, then clasping it tightly to its natural resting place, upon her breast—with her little Willie by one hand, she took the way to the house of a friend, where, instead of a kindly greeting and warm welcome, cold civility was all that this poor child of fortune, now a lonely outcast, received from one who ofttimes had feasted at the luxurious board of poor Emeline. And the father, where was he in this time of trial to the lovely wife who gave to him her whole heart's worship and a princely fortune? Where was he, did I say? Shall my pen record the shame? Yes, let the truth be told, for long enough has helpless woman suffered in silence, and the world knew not of her woe.

Alfred Williams was lying fast asleep upon a sofa in the saloon of the villain who had wrought his ruin, while the pitiable, heartless wretch, sat at his counting desk, calculating the enormous per cent. he was accumulating—now and then laying down his pen to think, to wonder how his confederates, the officers of the law—Christian men, in conscience bound to obey the law, whatever it may be—were managing to get the "*incumbrances*" off the nice estate he had lately gained.

Ah! unfeeling monster, think you that there is not a God, whose all-seeing eye, takes cognizance of the doings of men. Yes, Samuel, you know it well, if you would but think one moment. You cannot look upon the bloated face of that poor, frail mortal, whose senses, whose heart, and whose soul is benumbed and burnt out by the poison you have given him, for which you have stolen the sustenance of his helpless, hapless wife and children.

After the stupor of the liquor had passed off, Alfred rose from his resting place and tottered to the counter to take 'a little something' to strengthen him so that he could retire to his home. But what was his surprise to find weeping domestics and clamorous constables tearing things to pieces, instead of the patient, gentle smile of the injured wife. In an instant the truth burst upon him, for in his stupor he had forgotten that creditors had come in with claims. In a phrenzy, he hurried back to the slick-tongued rumseller, and there drank deeper and deeper until unconsciousness again brought temporary relief.

The rest of my story is but a recital of every day life. The man was gone—there was nothing but the animal left of what was once the fascinating Alfred Williams, and nothing but degradation and misery was now to be expected. The destroyer had done his perfect work.

A miserable, untenanted room was taken for Emeline and her little boy and infant daughter, shared by the miserable father, when he could keep sober enough to find his way to the miserable abode.

The messenger of peace soon came and took the little tender lamb to his flock in Paradise, and the mother grieved not that little Eva was gone to rest in the arms of Him who suffered little children to come unto Him, for she well knew that she too must soon follow.

It was the night after the burial of the babe, that we were first introduced to Willie and his mother.

They waited long that night, and still no footsteps came, although both mother and child had often shuddered at the coming of those footsteps which now in their loneliness they wished might come. But Alfred Williams never disturbed or gladdened any one, after that sad night, with the tread of his footsteps, for as the rain and sleet fell from the windows of heaven, that dark night, it pinioned his dead form on the door-steps of the rumseller, by whom he was thrust forth at midnight.

HELENE.

AUNT DALE'S LETTER.

A——, Aug. 1st, 1849.

DEAR EDITOR: I cannot philosophize upon the strange anxiety I have to open a correspondence with you, but I hope my few scratches may prove acceptable. The window blind is partly closed at my right, the sash is raised, a sweet perfume of briar and rose comes gathering in, a delightful feeling of joy and ease is over me, and I see the brightness and harmony of all things except Justice with reality.

I am old, but not ill-humored, and if a dash of my pen is sometimes severe, blame the faults of human nature, not my disposition.

The family in the brick house opposite, consists of a man, his wife, and one married daughter.—They have much of this world's goods, and considerable of this world's policy to gloss that over. The daughter was married last spring, and, so as to have sufficient for an extra outlay of lights, tissues, artificials and silks, they must needs scrimp their dress maker and servants.

Mrs. —— engaged a poor woman, who had herself and children to support, to make a certain number of night gowns for her daughter. The woman did not want to undertake the job. She thought they were too nice to be done neatly by her stiff fingers, in her smoky house, but supposing that they would bring the money, and her rent day coming on, she was persuaded to take them. The edging and inserting to be used made them worth at least 75 cents, and for fear they would not be done at the time engaged, the poor woman hired a dress maker to make one, and gave her seventy-five cents in money. They were finished and sent home. Nothing was said by Mrs. —— about the remuneration. The woman delayed until the day before her rent was due, then called upon Mrs. S—— who replied that she would settle in a few days, but, of course did not expect to pay the money. Mrs. —— finally called upon the seamstress, and would not hear of 75 cents, when in reality they were worth one dollar, gave her only fifty cents apiece, and paid her from the store.—The poor woman had sewed nights by her cheap, sputtering candle, in a gloomy apartment, with her hungry children sighing in their sleep. Stitch, stitch—anticipating a little money, and at last had to work for half price, and pay profit to the merchant on the articles forced upon her, while Mrs. —— that same afternoon exhibited a bag for which she had paid $5. This was a cruel, selfish transaction, and no wonder the laborer is embittered against the charity of professed christians.

But I leave you to draw your own inference, and in my next, the lady, in the cottage around the corner, shall have a comet visitation from my pen.

Yours, in friendship,

LIZZIE DALE.

☞ A friend in Keokuk. Iowa, writes as follows of the prospects of a prohibitory law in that State:

"The cause of Temperance is progressing in this city. The Sons of Temperance and the I. O. of G. T. meet weekly, and are increasing in numbers very fast; and I *do* hope the time is not far distant when Keokuk—renowned as it is, and ever has been, for its intemperance—will be set free from the curse of liquor and its accompaniments. The ladies of this city have a Temperance Association, which meets once in two weeks, and one of their number gives an address at each meeting. Some of them are very talented, and will do much, I trust, toward banishing the demon of intemperance from our land.

The friends of temperance in this State and Illinois are fondly indulging in the hope that they will get a prohibitory law this winter. The prospects are very fair at present; but we do not forget that last year at this time the friends of temperance in the State of New York were indulging in the same fond hope, but, alas! their hopes were blasted—and that may be our fate, but I trust not.

May the blessings of Heaven rest upon your labors in this great and good cause, and may they be crowned with success, is the sincere desire of your friend in the cause.

M. E. T.

KNOW NOTHINGS.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a late lecture delivered at Hartford, Conn., thus raps the "Know Nothings" over the head:

He opposed the "Know Nothings," and said that the idea of danger to American institutions from the influx of foreigners, was as absurd as would be the belief that the waters of the Atlantic ocean would be turned to milk by emptying into them all the milk pans of the country.

"When I eat chicken," said Mr. Beecher, "I don't become chicken—chicken becomes me!" So it is, continued he, with the Irishmen and the Germans who pour into this country—they come to a digestion of a young Republic, which "swallows them as foreigners, but turns them into Americans." He thought there was infinitely less to fear from the industrious and hardy Irishman who comes among us with his pickaxe and spade, than there was from the corrupting influence of those "degenerate sons of not degenerate sires," who, born on American soil, think it needful to go to Europe to get an education, and after misrepresenting all that is American, come back to their native land filled with extreme disgust of everything American, and affected admiration of monarchial customs. These snobs were well described by John Randolph's reply to one of their own kind in Congress, who twitted the sarcastic gentleman of Roanoke on his 'home education'—to which Randolph responded thus: "The gentleman reminds me of the lands about the head waters of the Monongahela, which are poor by nature, and cultivation has entirely exhausted them!"

AN ELECTION STORY.—Our humorous correspondent sends us the following, which has never before found its way to the printers. "At the time when the contest between Adams and Jackson waxed warm, and the partisans of each were using every effort to secure the election of their favorite candidate, a washer mechanic residing in a warmly contested ward in the city of New York brought to the polls a young man whose apprenticeship had expired a few days previously. The candidate for suffragan honors, although born in the country, was the son of Scotch parents, and his birth was betrayed by his accent, which led to his being challenged. He was sworn and the usual questions propounded to him, to which he gave an affirmative reply. To settle the matter, one of the Judges inquired—"You say you are a native-born citizen; now in what State were you born?'i So the young man better versed in the Westminster assembly catechism than in the political creed, promptly answered—"In a state of sin and misery!"

HOW TO TOAST BREAD.—Chestnut brown will be far too deep a color for good toast; the nearer you can keep it to a straw color, the more delicious to the taste and the more wholesome it will be. If you would have a slice of bread so toasted as to be pleasant to the palate and wholesome to the stomach, never let one particle of the surface be charred. To effect this, is very obvious. It consists in keeping the bread at the proper distance from the fire, and exposing it to the proper heat for a due length of time. By this means, the whole of the water may be evaporated out of it, and it may be changed from dough—which has always a tendency to undergo acetous fermentation, whether in the stomach or out of it—to the pure farina, which is in itself one of the most wholesome species of food, not only for the strong and healthy, but for the delicate and diseased.—As it is turned to farina, it is disintegrated, the tough and gluey nature is gone—every part can be penetrated; it is equally warm all over, and not so hot as to turn the butter into oil, which, even in the case of good butter, is invariably turning a wholesome substance into poison. The properly toasted slice of bread absorbs the butter, but does not turn it into oil, and both butter and farina are in a state of minute division—the one serving to expose the other to the free action of the gastric fluid in the stomach, so that when a piece of toast is rightly prepared, there is not a lighter article in the whole vocabulary of cookery.—*Household Almanac.*

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., FEBRUARY 1, 1855.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELIZA BISBEE—The names you sent were duly registered, and papers forwarded. We hope ere this, all are received.

R. D. WOODLEY's paper has been regularly mailed. We have now forwarded a duplicate.

CELYNDA B. GRUNDY.—We owe you many thanks for your generous aid.

A LADY writes to us from Oswego, New York, saying, that last year she procured eighteen subscribers for The Lily, but this year could get but seven, because the paper so seldom reached them. Our papers are carefully and regularly mailed, and we trust will all reach their proper destinations.—It occurs to us, however, if subscribers would more generally send us their *county*, the complaints would be lessened.

MARY E. PEASE—We will be glad to hear from you on the reform you mention. The columns of The Lily will be always opened to such.

E. C. LAMBERTON.—We thank you for your kindness, and the nice list of subscribers, but unless you send us the name of the *counties*, we fear the papers will never reach their rightful owners.

☞ Our friends of the press have each our kindly thanks for their generous notices.

Liberty Fosters Intellectual Strength.

The weakness and indecision of woman's character and mind are so often given as excuses for the usurpation of power over her and her affairs, as to make it worthy of mention and reply. We will but allude to the very noticeable discrepancy between the want of decent politeness in this accusation of silliness, and the oft-repeated phrase about *gallantry*, worship, and so on, by which many are persuaded that their position in the social world is one so enviable and happy.

This weakness and indecision of character, however, is not woman's natural inheritance, but is the *result* of this usurping power over her, and is the inevitable consequence of all oppression. In our histories of ancient times we find women of great strength and decision of character, taking active part in the affairs of every nation. And, too, we will find in every age that a people, or class of people will gradually *lose* their nobleness, their independence and their strength of mind and body, too, when in a servile condition.

"When the spirit of conquest," said Robertson, "led the armies of Rome beyond the Alps, they found the countries inhabited by a people whom they denominated barbarians, but who were nevertheless brave and independent. They defended their liberties with obstinate valor, but were at length overpowered and conquered, more through the discipline of the Romish army, than a superiority of courage. And as a consolation for the loss of liberty, the arts and sciences, language and manners were spread among them." But mark what the historian adds, that though agriculture was encouraged, cities rebuilt, and new towns founded, "this state of things was *far* from being happy or favorable to the improvement of the human mind. The poor victims lost not only the *habit* of deciding for themselves, but the *capacity* for so doing, or of acting from the impulse of the decisions of their own minds, and the dominion of the Romans, like all great empires, *degraded and debased the human species!*"

And so does *all* dominion debase and degrade. No matter though this dominion be enforced by chains of silver tinsel, yet debasing and degrading it still is, for *liberty* is the fostering element of true greatness, and woman is not exempt from the general rule. Nowhere is the usurpation of power more to be deprecated by the true, unprejudiced lovers of our race, than in the relations of the two sexes, and we see that it has done its perfect work, when so many of the one are found asserting "we have all the rights we want," and so many of the other "that women have more rights than they *deserve*," that "they are the weaker class," and finally, forgetful of boasted chivalry, "have very little sense."

We deny in toto the right of one sex to place disabilities upon the other, and repudiate entirely the idea of the inviolability of past customs, for the finger of God has written progress upon all He has made. Seeing that all persons have the same rights to protect, all have an indisputable right of equally participating in whatever pertains to government. In the possession and exercise of these rights, woman's abilities and powers of judgment will be increased. Her necessities not only *now* demand it, but the future good of humanity depend upon it to a degree that we can scarcely appreciate.

TEMPERANCE IN IOWA.

We learn by the Iowa Observer, that Mrs. Sarah A. Shepherd, of Beloit, Wisconsin, has been lecturing upon Temperance and the Maine Law, at Salem, to good purpose, After lecturing, she organized a "Ladies Maine Law Society," consisting of 250 members. Don't that speak well for the earnestness of the Iowa women? At the close of the second evening resolutions highly complimentary to the lady lecturer, were offered by James Ritchey, and adopted. Her tour through the State is timely, and will give practical aid to the good temperance people who are striving and looking to the present General Assembly for efficient legislative action, in the passage of a prohibitory law. Success will certainly crown their efforts, and the young and thriving State of Iowa be early freed from the greatest enemy to industry and enterprise. We trust the Legislature will take early notice of this expressed will of *The People*, and not, as in some other States, either postpone action or act in an indefinite manner upon a question so universally talked of among their constituents.

☞ The *Contra Costa*, comes to us from the plains of California, with a "please ex.' which indeed we will do with pleasure. It is edited by Mrs. S. M. Clarke, at Oakland, California. Five dollars per year. Those who want news from the gold region, and an excellent, handsome newspaper, would do well to take the Contra Costa. The price, however, in these hard times, has quite a formidable sound to us.

☞ The *Ohio Cultivator* is still excellent—none better. The ladies' department, under the capable hand of Josephine C. Bateham, alone is worth the $1 per year, subscription price.

☞ *The Lafayette Gazette.*—If you wish a paper from Lafayette, subscribe for the Weekly Gazette—Stephen Stafford, editor, $1 50 per annum—and you will get a *good* one. Lively, sensible, liberal and right on the temperance question.

☞ The Brookville, Indiana, women have issued an edict, to some purpose, not very much like "WEAK DEFENCELESS" beings, to our notion, but as though they had human power and at least human rights, and felt that these were invaded.—We, at least, pronounce their law "*constitutional*." It is signed by 248 women—82 single, 166 married. Hear them to the luckless grog sellers:

SIR:—We, the undersigned, being satisfied by every day's experience and observation, that your business, to-wit: The sale of intoxicating drinks, is spreading broadcast over our community DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. That it is in direct opposition to the laws of God, to all good municipal laws, and in opposition to the will of this community. That it is the ruiner of our husbands, our sons, our fathers, our brothers, and that it brings woe and misery to our own fire-sides; making the mothers heart throb with grief, and her children cry with terror and hunger. In a word, that your said business is the ruiner of man, and the mother of woe. We therefore humbly pray, that you desist AT ONCE AND FOREVER, from so ruinous a business.

SIR—We come to you as weak and defenceless women, but our wrongs and our injuries make our weakness strength, and unless this, our prayer, be heard, "There is not a thing under High Heaven, the world around, OUR WILL MASTERETH NOT.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

JEFFERSON, O., Jan. 12, 1855.

I have been almost constantly on the wing since I last wrote you—have been as far westward as Indianapolis and Lafayette, Ind., and south to Cincinnati. Have lectured in each of the places mentioned, and also in Xenia, Cedarville and Jefferson, in this State. The weather, much of the time, has been unpleasant and stormy, and consequently, unfavorable for me; yet I have generally had good houses. In Lafayette I spent three evenings. I was happy to learn that, on the day of my arrival there, a lodge of Good Templars had been instituted. Brother HALL. D. G W. C. T., of this State, was the instituting officer. The members with whom I conversed, seemed to be well pleased with the Order, and expressed it as their opinion that it would soon take the lead of all other temperance organizations. The Mayor of the city, the Editor of the *Gazette*, and other prominent men, were among the charter members. I learned from Bro. Hall that a Grand Lodge is to be instituted at Winchester, Ind., on the 16th inst. There are now, I believe, some fifty or sixty lodges in the State.

I was indebted to Bro. STAFFORD, of the *Gazette*, for many favors and much attention during my stay in that city. He is an industrious, energetic young man, and a true Reformer. He has battled manfully for the temperance cause, and the cause of woman has in him a warm friend and advocate. His paper is conducted with ability and should be well sustained by the progressive people of the State.

The meeting of the League in Cincinnati was not a large one. Whether this was owing to a want of interest in the cause, to the unpleasant weather, to the time being ill-chosen, to the twenty-five cent door fee, or to a want of popularity, in the Lecturer, I am unable to say. I was assured by some that a Woman's Rights Lecture would have brought out a much larger house. That subject seems to be more popular there than that of temperance. The city seems to be given over to the rum power.

I was pleased to learn that there are now seventeen young ladies attending the course at the Eclectic Medical College, in that city, fitting

themselves for physicians. I know not how it is with the most of them, but some of these young women have a hard struggle to obtain an education. Dependent upon their own exertions, they have no means to carry them through the course, except what they may save by teaching school, or some other poorly paid employment, during the summer. Were they men under similar circumstances, probably some benevolent gentleman or lady, or some Ladies' Benevolent Association, would come forward to aid them; but who so benevolent as to give of their abundance for the education and improvement of the condition of women?

Mr. Bloomer, yesterday, instituted a Lodge of Good Templars in this place, with over forty charter members. It is a small place, of less than one thousand inhabitants. All seem delighted with the workings of the Order, and the prospects are good for a rapid increase in their numbers.—There is no other temperance organization in the place. Good men and women have taken hold of it, and it cannot be otherwise than successful.

My labors for the last three weeks have been rather hard upon me, and I find myself too much prostrated to do any thing for some days to come. I was obliged to disappoint the people here last evening, after having, the evening previous, promised them a Woman's Rights Lecture. I was told that some came in from the country a distance of eight miles to hear. It grieved me sorely to disappoint them, but I was really too sick to lecture. I had also made an appointment at Delaware for to-night, but am not able to be there. This is, I believe, the first instance that I have failed to fill my appointments.

We shall start for New York early next week, if I feel able to travel, and then we shall soon be on the spot where so many years of our lives have been passed, and surrounded by friends with whom we have long held familiar and pleasing intercourse.

I learn from the *Tribune* that Woman's Rights meetings, or conventions, are being held in every county in New York this winter, preparatory to petitioning the Legislature for equal Rights to Woman. Susan B. Anthony, the State agent is the leader in this movement, and she has secured the assistance of Ernestine Rose and Antoinette L. Brown. This movement, if rightly conducted, cannot fail of doing much to arouse the people to an investigation of the subject, and will, undoubtedly, result in sending up a monster petition to the Legislature, asking that the right of holding and controlling her own property and earnings, and also that the right of suffrage may be granted to woman. A similar course in other States would result in much good to the cause.—May Women every where feel encouraged in such an undertaking! A. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Lily.

THE WIFE.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart.—The absence of content, the muttering of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth—these, and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. Oh! may woman, before the sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the promise she so kindly gave.

And though she may be the injured, and not the injuring one; the forgotton, not the forgetful wife, a happy allusion to the peaceful love, a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that was ever locked up in the breast of selfish man, will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years in matchless bliss, loved, loving and content—the soother of the sorrowing hour, the source of comfort and the spring of joy. —*Golden Era.*

"It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart'—no it don't. "Like cures like"—and like kills like, I reckon, too; and guilt has no more effect on some men's hearts than tobacco juice has upon their appetites. They are so saturated with it, that what would kill a decent man won't even make them qualmish. No, no—"it needs no guilt to break such a husband's heart." But just let a wife dare to look discontented, when there is no wood in the wood-house, or no wood-house to cover the wood, on a rainy day—six children, the oldest not ten years old, around the fire—baby with symptoms of the croup, Tommy with an awful cold, and Lizzie Jane crying with the ear-ache—a big washing on hand—only one stove in the house, and dinner to be had at half past twelve precisely. Let her dare to look discontented, no matter if she does know that he is down at Potter's, where all the good husbands that "guilt won't kill," do congregate, drinking five glasses a day, smoking foul cigars, and betting on a horse race or elections. She mus'nt mutter—she mus'nt scold—she mus'nt be untidy. No, not even if she has but one dress to her blessed name. She must not desert her "hearth" if there is not a coal there to warm her. Because "these and other nameless neglects, *without* a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there beyond the reach of cure the germ of dark despair" Shocking! is'nt it, that the "lords of creation" should ever meet such horrible trials? That's what drives them into drink; makes them commit murder—rob—steal—smash up—run away. To be sure it is—for don't the newspaper say that "a kiss of peace to pardon all the past and the hardest heart that was ever locked in the breast of selfish man will soften to her charms, and *bid her live* as she had hoped her years in matchless bliss, loved, loving and content." Oh!———but I won't say bad words. Just let the wives of the six hundred thousand wine bibbers and drunkards in this blessed land of ours try it; never mind if he does knock you down, good wife—"you may be the injured but not the injuring one—the forgotton but not the forgetting." Just make the "happy allusion" when the man you call "*Lord*" as Sarah did of old, is brought home on a board, and shoved endways into the hall to "the powerful love," and see what a talismanic power it will have to straighten him up, and bring back to your poor aching heart the manly form, the pure heart, that won you in other years. No—no! it takes no guilt to break the manly heart of proud, strong man—a protheus weight of coldness, discontent, or scowling—no matter what, the provocation will drive him to despair. But it takes *guilt*, neglect, broken faith, *shame* and *sin* to break the heart of loving, trusting woman—and while it is breaking, she must "cherish the dear idea of the tuneful time, and keep alive the promise she so kindly gave." When will our sentimentalists cease scribbling such nonsense for the public—and instead of calling upon "smiles and kisses" from the lips of women, to reform *man* from *sin*, call upon man himself to support his own morality, and to do his duty, tho' all the wives in christendom scowl. Bid women be strong in duty—the first of which is ever to herself. Don't talk about kisses and pardon for one side, to meet kicks and curses on the other. Say to both man and woman, "*be true to yourselves*," and you cannot fail of being true to each other, to society and to God. Fannie.

Oakhill, Jan. 16, 1855.

For The Lily.

HOME LIFE.

Nothing pains a true soul like finding in the home of those we have known outwardly, a practical refutation of the doctrines they teach. Home is instinctively regarded as the true touchstone of life. It is the garden in which the soul is first planted, and if there overrun with noxious weeds its whole life must be poor and stinted.

But if there it learned to put forth full and vigorous efforts of self-denial, and generous self-forgetfulness becomes a part of its daily existence, it goes forth strong to conquer what the world calls destiny.

There is something holy, after all, in that outcry which we now so often hear, when women speak of a wider sphere for their activities than that hitherto claimed. "What!" says the conservative heart, "shall the only being that God has fitted to be the sacred guardian of life's first Eden, turn away for grosser, meaner cares, falsely despising life's higher trust?"

While we respect most deeply the sacredness of these feelings, and the beauty of the arrangement that God had made, we nevertheless see the necessity for woman to possess a fuller command of her energies, a juster appreciation of human relations, and a surer guaranty that her home shall not be invaded by want or vice.

First among her wants is a thorough, practical education, that shall fit her to be the wise instructor, the intelligent companion, the skillful financier among her children, that they may look up to her as the wise friend and counsellor, as well as the indulgent parent. Men will soon find a high economy in this. The wife that is capable of understanding the business affairs of her husband, seldom urges to expenditures that are unsafe.—"She looketh well to the ways of her household," and eatheth not the bread of idleness.

When in New York, a few weeks since, I heard on all sides complaints of hard times, of bankruptcy and ruin, while hundreds of women were sweeping Broadway with the most costly silks. I remarked to Mr. Greely that there was silk enough used by these fashionable scavengers to redeem all the money of the broken banks, and pay up the indebtedness of half the broken merchants. "Ah!" replied he, significantly, "these are the wives and daughters of bankrupts. Those who pay their honest dues, have to walk in plainer habiliments."

There was doubtless too much truth in the assertion, and hence woman's folly has become a national calamity. Think of the suspension of railroads, the turning out of employment of hundreds of poor men, who for want of this employment, will either beg, steal or starve through the whole winter. This condition of things will lead to enormous taxations for the support of paupers or the punishment of crime.

Hereafter we may speak of other great wants for woman, in order to render home life that true and healthy center whence shall flow the vital current of our great nationality.

H. M. T. Cutter.

Home Cottage, near Dwight, Ill.

For the Lily.

I. O. of G. T.

Shelby, January 9th, 1855.

Editor Lily:—On last Saturday evening we had a Mr. Crane, from Indiana, give us a lecture on temperance and Know Nothingism. He is a D. D. W. C. T. I. O. of G. T. The lecture was one of the best I have ever heard, for which friend Crane deserves a great deal of credit. After the lecture, Mr. Crane organized into a meeting of Good Templars, and much to our surprise, initiated 41 members the first evening, some of whom I never expected to see join such a society. About one half were ladies—thank God for that—the best of all Templars. We are bound to trample down the rum trafic in Shelby, it being one of the hardest rum-holes in the county. We are after life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and unless rum is put down, we cannot have it; and if it is kept up, it will then turn into misery, destruction and delerium tremens, and finally end in a miserable death.

Should you find this worthy of note to your readers, let them see that as hard a rum-hole as Shelby is, they have not forgotten that there is still another opportunity offered to reform.

Very Truly,

A Subscriber & Faithful Reader of the Lily.

For the Lily.

Chivalry vs. Women's Enfranchisement.

NO. I.

There are so many politicians who fear to compromit their chances for the Presidency, if they are known to cherish sentiments favorable to liberty, that it is always worth while to listen to the first echo of slaverism to any proposed extension of equality. We can, in that way, at any time, learn the tone which will be assumed upon any particular subject, by that particular class of bipeds to whose fears we have alluded, unless, as sometimes happens, they anticipate that echo in their eagerness to manifest a patriotic regard for the integrity of the Union. They generally find that no difficult matter, when their senses are sufficiently acute to snuff in the wind, the danger, or the prey, as they have only to bear in mind that the doctrines which distinguish the Declaration of American Independence, are to be estimated as mockeries, and every thing which may tend to their practical realization, as dangerous to our National existence. To such an extent has this subordination been carried, that it can be no longer doubtful what policy our National Government will pursue, in any anticipated event, only knowing what will be considered most favorable to the extension and perpetuity of Slavery and the Slave trade. Every other interest must be prostituted, and every principle of right and justice as readily disregarded whenever thereby it becomes possible to promote the interest of "the institution." The sins of the decalogue are insignificant compared to the sin of bestowing food to the hungry, raiment to the naked, or shelter to the way-farer, whenever such adversities result from the slave-master's oppression. And the most detestable treason lurks in the faith that a higher power than Congress, or the President, may, sometimes, have to do with the affairs of men.—As might have been expected, the agitation of a question so important to freedom, as not only the disenthralment but enfranchisement of Woman, early attracted attention in that sensitive quarter. It was a proposition to add to the political power, numerically another half, and in point of intelligence, social refinement and moral purity, an element, excellent beyond any which ever had a representative existence in any government upon the face of the earth. From such an addition, oppression could expect no favors. Corruption and its appliances would lose power and caste. The consequence was, that soon after the Women's Rights agitation assumed an organized existence, and in the April number of the Southern Quarterly Review, for 1852, Southern Slavery put itself upon record against the movement in the usual style, compounded of religious pretensions and ruffianism.

Simultaneously the echo was heard at the North through the Democratic Review, then assuming to be the leading light of radical democracy, though in fact, it was but the mercenary organ of the Slave interest. Subsequently, and at successive periods, it has been repeated in two other prominent monthlies. All these echoes have been heretofore noticed, as the readers of the Lily may have seen. With, perhaps, a little less of the alligator, and a little less of the overseer's crack of the whip, they were strangely like to the original—bearing the same ear-mark—the stamp of the hot iron—and, of course, with each other, a family similitude. Nevertheless, we may profit some, even at this late day, by examining the original—the radix—by looking into that seething cauldron, whence the others have been evolved.

The leading characteristic, and one common to all emanations from that quarter, is the flippant iteration that "God's and Nature's law" has placed woman in a humbler position, "to do and work." We allude to this not for the purpose of pointing out the blasphemous absurdity of the assumption—that has already been done—but to show that such a notion originated where Austria's woman-whipper, in his life time, would have been more likely to have been respected than in an English brewery. And for the further purpose that the women may understand the relative humility necessary for them to cultivate,i n order duly to appreciate the purity of such moral teaching. Those who do, are flatteringly addressed as "You true woman," "you who bear and forbear, humbling yourselves, that others may rise upon your efforts;" "you, who see with love and without envy, husband, brother, or son, too often in the pride of manhood, with slight and sneer, contemning his womankind, and holding her, even in his love, as

> 'Something better than his dog—a little dearer than his horse.'"

Such is the standard of true womanhood, in South Carolina phrase. Not the most enviable position in creation, as is admitted, but fixed and clearly defined by God himself. In connection with this fixing, it is made a subject of lamentation that "there be those, however, and unfortunately, not a few, who look upon these old-fashioned ideas as exploded;" "a Harriet Martineau, or a Fanny Wright, would prefer a different position in the picture, and many a weak sister is misled by them." A singular perversity! What fatuity in the weak-minded sisters! Among some savage tribes, as the first lesson of manhood to the boy, a stick is put in his hands, and he is learned to strike his mother. It teaches her the position God has given her. It keeps her from looking upon such "old-fashioned ideas as exploded." It tends to produce that spirit of humiliation of which the Reviewer says; "but we do say, that such is the type of woman, such her moral formation, such her perfection, and in so far as she comes not up to this perfection, she falls short of the model type of her nature. Only in aiming at this type, is there any use for her in this world."

At the same time that he regrets to believe "that this move for woman's enfranchisement is entirely of American growth," he exclaims—"thank Heaven! our modest Southern sisters have held aloof from the defiling pitch, and Worcester Conventions are entirely a Yankee Notion."

What's the matter, then, in the South? Why should a miserable slave-driver, whose bloated carcass is not worth the earth it would displace in burying, lash himself into a fury because Yankee women choose not to be slaves, and Yankee men choose not to have them so? It is entirely a matter of State rights. And has he not yet learned that the cat and raw-hide excite no feeling in the moral sentiment of the world but that of pity on the one side and loathing and disgust on the other, and that hard names and coarse denunciatsons from that quarter have no terrors out of their own slave-pens?

But seriously what is there of the woman's rights' movement, to alarm the South? Why, as he says, "the alarm is spreading;" 'It is but a piece with negro emancipation;" "Mounted on Cuffee's shoulders, in rides the lady!" "The genius of communism bows them both in, mouthing over Mr. Jefferson's free and equal sentence." After a couple of pages of such kind of rant and howling, and after reciting a resolution embodying the "free and equal" sentiment of the Declaration of Independence, he apostrophises as follows: "Oh! there are things so horrible that man, in sheer terror will mock at what he hates, and think to sneer the scoffing fiend away." We laugh at this, but it is frightful—frightful to think that thousands of women in these United States have signed, and thousands, if these accounts be correct, are willing to sign their names to such a document. Oh! Woman—thou, the ministering angel of God's Earth, to what devil's work art thou degrading thyself?"

The reading of such stuff readily suggests the interrogatories:—Did the followers of Sumpter and Marion die childless, that the Black Riders now people the South? Have her statesmen, whose wisdom and eloquence helped so much to give form and life to principles, now in that quarter so much abhorred, left no descendents? Were the women whose noble bearing the genius of Simms and Kennedy have portrayed, mere fictions, or have they been the unfortunate mothers of a race,

> "Deformed, unfinished, sent before their time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up."

He says, "we are glad to see that the advocates of this move, class themselves exactly where they should be, cheek-by-jowl with the abolitionists." Now, when have they so classed themselves? If he means by abolitionists all who believe slavery to be an unmitigated curse, and mere harmony of sentiment in that particular, as being classed together, there may be some truth in his assertion, otherwise, none. But what is his policy in seeking to place negro slavery and woman slavery, and negro emancipation and woman emancipation, to use his elegant phraseology, "cheek-by-jowl?" Does he expect to embarrass the chances of the former by associating the prejudices which may be aroused against the latter? Or does he expect to add to Woman's degredation by associating her bondage with that of the negro? Or has he conjured up this association, supposing he could thereby the better select a starting point for argument? The latter is the more probable, as he immediately assumes as the fundamental error of both, that the distinctions of sex and color are irrelevant to all questions of government. Upon that point he hinges his argument, a review of which is necessarily deferred by want of limit, to the next number.

SENEX.

For the Lily.

MRS. BIRDSALL—In your last No. of the Lily, I gave my views on woman's right of suffrage in suppressing the liquor traffic. Also, some other reasons why she should be man's equal in making the laws by which she, in common with men, are governed. I will, with your permission, offer a few further remarks on the subject of Woman's elevation.

It is self-evident that the intellect of woman in its natural state, is fully equal to man's, and if it is not as well developed, it is because of deficiency in education. Her influence is far greater on the rising generation than man's; then what is wanting to improve mankind is to give woman proper education, and the work is done. If we hear of a man of uncommon endowments, we will almost always find his mother one of the brightest and best of women. I believe this will be acknowledged to be a truth by the intelligent. There is another reason for considering woman as man's equal, and that is she always has a tendency to make man better. In proof of this, let men be long by themselves, without the society of women, they become less refined and cultivated; and where the more cultivated and ennobled women found, there too will be found better men.

Hence, then, if they were regarded on an equality in the law-making department, as well as every other, then mutual happiness would more abound. In view of her degredation in many particulars, as for instance: if she marries, her individuality is legally lost—her property is lost, and whatever of right she has, is by the indulgence of the husband, and not because the law gives it as a right; so, too, in regard to making laws to which she is held accountable, she is not suffered to have a voice. Only think of the absurdity of a foreigner, that knows not how to speak the language, can be naturalized and vote, while the influence of the brightest intellect in the Union, if possessed by a woman, is entirely lost—it has no representation in the government.

There is another privilege denied to woman by the great bulk of Christian professors, that I feel emboldened to write of. She is denied the privilege of a minister of the religion that was introduced to the world upwards of eighteen hundred years ago, by one that proclaimed freedom to the captive; and who more needed liberty than women? And where do we find those that appreciate the religion of the Jewish reformers more than she? Then how strange to debar her from the privilege of proclaiming it. When will man realize the abuses he is heaping on his best friend? For none are better fitted to make laws for themselves and children—none are better qualified by their Heavenly Father to preach the pure and peaceful religion of Jesus—none are better qualified to teach the young and rising generation what will make them best fitted for usefulness on earth, and enjoyment in a future life.

RICHMOND, IND. JUNIUS.

For the Lily.

WOMEN NEED MORE COURAGE.

Often, very often, while reflecting upon the oppression of women, and the thousand and one evils that she suffers, have I, in the bitterness of my heart, exclaimed—"Half of these evils might be averted, yes, *overcome*—obliterated entirely from the dark catalogue of woman's wrongs, were not *women such cowards.*" True our condition, legally and socially, is not much better than that of slaves—true, we may not control the money we earn—true, we have no legal right to the children we usher into the world mid sorrow and suffering—true, we occupy but a nominal place of authority at the head of the household—true, our children may early learn, that like them, we can be commanded, denied, and restrained—true, the fields of honest industry are mostly closed against us; or when permitted to enter and toil, our wages are paid, not according to the value of work done, but according to the sex performing it—true, no stimulus is offered us to become learned, useful, or great. Schools and colleges that we are taxed to endow, are closed against us—our ambitious views are tabooed, and all aspirations beyond the fireside and nursery are considered unwomanly, and a sure percursor to some dreaded finale. Why not brand man as impious and courting destruction, if he aspires beyond the tilling of broad acres, or what would be more analagous, delving in other men's fields. For God said, "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." The public conscience is not exceedingly tender upon this one point; but turn where you will, you will find that half the evils that woman suffers are heaped upon her by her own sex. They cannot, or will not, brave public opinion enough to right one wrong. Go ask the hard toiling washer woman *who* higgles with her about price, and insists that she must find other employers, unless she consents to take three and sixpence a day when her price is fifty.—Who screws down hired girls wages every time corn crops are a little short, or beef a cent more a pound, yet never thinks it worth minding whether the hired men have twelve or fifteen dollars per month? Who runs around among all of her needy applicants for plain sewing, to get apprentices shirts made for eight cents when the slop shops give twelve and a half for the same, and insists that apprentices shirts must be stitched once on the bands, that Betty can iron them easier and faster. Lo, when Jim Gross gets drunk and turns his wife out of doors without a copper to buy a cup of bean porrige with, who hunts the calender of mother Grimes and Dame Hines, to find one fault set down on the debtor side to Mrs. Jim Gross; and, when found, who straightway publishes it to the world, to prevent proper and discreet wives from betraying the weakness of exhibiting a little of human sympathy for Mrs. Grimes? Yes, and when all the neighborhood stand aghast at the intelligence that Peter Porter has brutified his manhood, by whipping his wife—who looks quietly down, and meekly replies, "well I expect she deserved it some?" Who invents the first tale of slander against the immaculate reputation of that fair one, volatile, inconsiderate, and unprotected, tho' she may be? Who takes up that tale of slander and repeats it, and never will rest until all her acquaintances know it, and in a fair way to tell their neighbors, so that all the world can chuckle over it? Who turns away with bitter scorn and heartless rebuke, from the victim of man's perfidity, while the perfidious wretch condemned of God, and all honest and virtuous men, is caressed and gaily ushered into the brilliantly lighted saloon, gorgeous with gass light and gold, as the last rays of sunset? It is woman who does these things, and many, many more to suppress her own sex; and half of these sins rest upon her soul because she is a coward!

Were woman woman's friend, and earnest in the reform of her condition, this reform would be half achieved. But no, she has not the courage to be woman's friend, and she shrinks from the position required by those who would tell or act the truth, and if she does not tell a lie, she acts a lie every day of her life. She knows that her sex suffer great wrongs, but she has not the moral courage to av w it. She might plead for a shilling to give a beggar, provided that beggar were a man—for even beggars must have money—but to ask for a shilling, and plead for it because Betty, in the kitchen, does as much work as John at the wood pile, and don't pretend to ask half as much, means something about woman's rights, and she cannot plead—besides, she would'nt like to have Betty thinking that she has got any rights, while her mistress gets along without any. She is a slave herself, and she is not quite ready to read her declaration of human rights, at every fire-side in the land. 'Tis easier to be the crouching, servile slave a little longer—besides, her chains are guilded now; and, perchance, if she barely protested against woman's oppression, she may not affect anything, and she very likely may have her guilded fetters exchanged for old rusty ones—such as dangle at the heels of that washer woman in her kitchen—and she prefers to wear the guilded chain, altho' it may drag her soul down to perdition. "For God hateth whatsoever maketh or telleth a lie;" and she maketh a lie every day of her life.

Where there are so many cowards, it is pleasant to find one little brave woman. We have one in Fanny Fern. She says, after listening to the lecture of Lucy Stone, that "she could not help but feel that those Bloomers had a mission." There we see a new pledged aspirant for literary fame with the battle half won. Her second book, like Noah's dove, sent out from the Ark with hope and trembling, for it, her first continuous story; and that story portrays woman's wrongs and oppressions; and yet, at ten millions of fire-sides, Fanny dares to says that she believes those Bloomers have a mission. Why did not Fanny bow the knee to Baall, like nearly all the authors who have written during the last year? and wind her book off with some rude pun or stale joke, at the expense of woman's rights. Like Dickens, for instance, in David Copperfield, after having grounded and fixed the scene in a very hot bed of woman's oppression; and in the case of Copperfield's loving mother, represented her as the verriest slave, and legally robbed her of every cent of her property, and barbarously denied every right and privilege as a mother. Why not like him, I say, wind up her book of woman's wrongs with a stale thrust at woman's rights. Because she loves the truth, and has the courage to speak. Not that Fanny Fern thought there was any peculiar virtue in short dresses, but it doubtless seemed to her that the individual who dared to be singular, and earnest, and truthful in portraying the wrongs of woman, would inevitably find enough to do, and would do something too. She took it all for a good omen, and dared say so, whether she catered to the popular taste or not. We shall see whether Fanny will be loved less, or her book lie unread for all this. There is no hint in Ruth Hall, (Fanny's book,) that Uncle Tom's Cabin had gone through a great many editions in America, England, Scotland, and even in Germany, &c., but to me, nevertheless, Ruth Hall is the next book of the kind to Uncle Tom's Cabin. There is more life-like truthfulness between its two neat covers than in all that was ever written by the craven spirited Hyacinth, or ever will be. Brave Fanny, I love thee more and more.

M. A. Bronson.

For the Lily.

The Legislative Party.

Yesterday our city was visited by the members of the General Assembly of our State. It was truly grand to stand on the platform at the depot, and view the magnificent iron horse come in, bearing the united wisdom and talent of the noble State of Indiana—the fifth in the Union—a true type of the whole common people of the State.

They landed on the platform, where they were greeted with one of the best pieces from the Richmond Brass Band, followed by a short, yet appropriate speech of hearty welcome by the Mayor of our city, which was responded to by Mr. Murray, on behalf of the General Assembly. After which the whole concourse of people moved off in one grand procession, led by the Band, (constantly playing the most popular and grand pieces of modern art,) followed by the City Council; next came the guests from the Metropolis, who formed one of the most grand processions that it has ever been the privilege of our citizens to behold—some having with them the companions of their choice, plainly evincing that the men chosen by the people to represent them in the Councils of State are neither lost nor indifferent to that which is calculated to elevate woman to a common level with the brotherhood.

All were conducted by their gallant leaders to the Starr Hall, where some arrangements were made, and with music and rejoicing, the crowd dsspersed until 6 o'clock in the evening.

Before the appointed hour, so joyous were the people that the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The meeting was cheered for a few minutes by music from the Band, after which our hearts were made to rejoice by the constant peals of eloquence that came from the very souls of our gallant representatives. One after another was called for, who responded to our wishes, and before the hour of nine, we had heard some of the choice sentiments from most of the members—each one touching briefly, yet fully, upon the great aims of the age.

Among our heroes were men of almost every age, from those of silver locks and long experience in almost all situations of life, yet with age and experience they have neither waned nor faltered, but grown more and more fitted for the discharge of duty, both as citizens and rulers, to those of younger years, in whom the fires of ambition burn brightly, and who are well fitted to carry into effect the plans and devices of those who have lived long, and well matured the best interests of our growing State.

Our fellow-citizen, Mr. Holloway, M. C. elect, gave us, in conclusion, one of his best efforts, with high yet just encomiums upon the mothers and women of Indiana, saying that woman had not yet aspired to elective privileges, yet swayed a mighty influence in all that was good and true.

The Legislative members then repaired to the Huntington House, where ample provisions were made by our citizens to administer to creature comforts and physical wants.

In all that was done and said, there was neither murmur nor discord, but our political horizon is bright without a cloud, and we have reason to expect many good things will result from the labors of the Legislature, and last, but not least, may the whole be crowned with a Maine Liquor Law, in response to the known wishes of the common people.

B.

Richmond, Jan. 27, 1855.

For the Lily.

St. Louis, January 16th, 1855.

My dear Mrs. Birdsall—I have been looking patiently for a fresh, blooming Lily, ever since I heard of your transplanting the old bulb from the beautiful hills of Ohio to your rich plains in Indiana; but I have looked in vain—not a leaf or petal has reached me—not even a fragrant breath wafted upon the wintry winds, to tell me it successfully opened its first budding blossom to the January sun. I have no doubt, it has been plucked by the way—much good may it do those who have purloined it. But what kind of Lilies do you design to propagate? The white, or Egyptian, as it is sometimes called, (though not rightly, I believe,) with its one great petal forming the whole corrolla—like our platform of women's rights, one and undivided, including within itself all other reforms—taking in a whole humanity in its generous cup? Or is it the full double water Lily of Temperance, so frequently found? Or the bright, glowing, hardy meadow Lily, of agriculture?—or the dazzling, upright prairie Lily of progress?

Mayhap you will blend them all in your pleasant garden, and thus make up your monthly bouquets for your friends, of the gorgeous hues, of all varieties, from the humble pendant drop of the Lily of the valley, shadowing life's quiet and holy virtues, to the gorgeous Tiger Lily, with its golden crown, dark hanging anthers, emblematic of the lights and shadows of human weal or woe.

Such would I have it, for all the progress movements of the age are linked inseparably, and must move on together—"Woman's Rights,' and the elevation and emancipation of women the understrata of them all.

"Men are what mothers make them," has grown into an axiom. Aye! are they, and mothers are

what the men of the age make them. They act and react upon each other, and must and will while time shall last on earth. God made woman the "help meet for man"—that is, a *proper help*, and can women be the proper self of the men of the age, in their present condition? Can weakness companion strength—ignorance be equally yoked with learnieg—dependance make a true help meet for proud independence? Never. And until woman is permitted to enjoy her right of equality with man, these great reforms will drag heavily and slowly upward and onward—too often rolling back in the to-morrow over the course they have gained to-day. Let me not be misunderstood. I speak not of equality in physical strength or intellectual power, but equality of privilege with man; to be what our faculties will permit us to be, and to do what our needs require. Having the same stimulus to effort under any like given set of circumstances as man—the stimulus of gathering property, honor, power—raising no barriers to educational or intellectual greatness or virtuous ambition in any department of life, but the barrier of *right*. When all restrictions are taken away, then, and only then, can we decide on woman's ability to govern herself. Then, and only then, will it be fair and just to ask her to bear an equal responsibility with man for the antagonisms, and immoralities, and licentiousness, and crime of society.

What kind of physical force will the woman give to her sons and daughters, who has been taught to shun a warm, genial ray of sunshine on her head, as she would a plague spot? Who is too feeble to nurse her own children, and never venture a mile from home, without a nurse at her heels?

What kind of Temperance is she capable of teaching who compromises with her boys as did my friend, Mrs. J——, at an evening party. Master Charles, four years old, was the first to climb into a chair.

"Get down Charley," said the splendidly dressed mother, "that's a dear."

"I will, if you'll give me a rousin' piece of jelly cake first."

The mother handed it over, remarking, with a laugh, "That's getting rid of him pretty cheap." And the father praised his pet, and enforced the lesson by saying, "You know how to 'come it' over mamma, don't you, Charley?"

"Well I does, old hoss," was the reply of "Young America."

The father was a highly educated business man, holding places of honor and trust under the Government. The mother, feeble in health, uneducated, knew well that if she had refused the "jelly cake," father and Charley would have overruled her. Who will teach that boy or his father, or millions in our land like them, self-denial? Oh! for the time when woman shall be educated, physically, morally and intellectually, for her important work!

Who is to teach the children independence, if the mothers of our land have always to say, "If your father will *let* me;" or "I will ask papa;" or, "I will tell your father"—always referring to a higher power? Can any human being, man or woman, teach independence and the true principles of justice and right, if they have no realizing sense of them in their own experience? The willing slave cannot be an efficient teacher of freedom.

Let your Lily, then, plead for the elevation of woman to an equal platform with man, in all that makes humanity better, wiser or happier.

I did not intend to write a homily, but simply to give my note of welcome to the old Lily in its new home. Wishing you success, according to your most sanguine wishes,

I am yours, ever,

FRANCES D. GAGE.

Maine Liquor Law Statistical Society.

Deeming it of great importance to the community of these United States, and to the whole civilized world, to be made acquainted with well-authenticated results of the enforcement of the Prohibitory Liquor Law, this Circular of Inquiry is now sent to every well known Governor, Clergyman, Judge, Justice and Physician throughout the States where that law has been enacted, in order to collect facts and statistics as to the results of such enactment. The following questions are put merely as suggestions as to the kind of information desired, and it is left to each correspondent to state such facts as may be well known to himself, in his own manner, and to reply to such of the questions as his position may enable him or her to answer with confidence. The subscribers depend on the benevolence and patriotism of those to whom this circular is addressed, to co-operate with them in collecting facts on this subject for the benefit of those States, Territories and Nations which have yet to become acquainted with the blessings of moral legal enactments. The facts will be published in a handsome volume, with the name of each contributor attached to his or her statements. The work, when published will be supplied to those who respond to this circular at one-third less than to other subscribers, and the cost will not exceed one dollar per volume. They need not subscribe in advance, but state how many copies they may desire to have sent them.

When this Circular is sent to gentlemen or ladies in other States than those named, it will be on account of the interest they are understood to feel in the Question and the consequent probability of obtaining from them valuable suggestions and information.

Either written or printed documents will be gratefully received.

SAMUEL MAYALL, M. C., President.

HENRY S. CLUBB, Secretary and Editor.

Question 1. How long has the Maine Liquor Law been in operation in your township or location?

Question 2. What is the per centage in the diminution of crime since the enforcement of said Law?

Question 3. Has the general health of the community improved in relation to fever, insanity, &c., and in what degree?

Question 4. How many cases of reclamation from intemperance have come within the scope of your observation, as the result of the Maine Law?

Question 5. Has there been an increase in legitimate home trade as the result of said Law?

Question 6. Has the Sabbath observance been increased as a result of said Law?

Question 7. Has the attendance at your church been increased since the enactment of said Law, and to what extent?

Question 8. What is the feeling of respectable citizens in your locality in reference to the said Law?

Question 9. What is your name, address, occupation, position or standing, and to what denomination do you belong?

Question 10. What number of copies will you subscribe for, when the work entitled "History and Results of the Maine Law," is published?

Question 11. What incident illustrating the operation of the said Law has come under your own observation?

All persons having facts to communicate on these subjects, are respectfully requested to forward them to SAMUEL MAYAL, M. C.,
Washington, D. C.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

M J Newton; Martha Jane Shoemaker; Harriet N Carpenter; Alonzo Beebe; Martha Thornton; S D Buchwater; Sedillia Miles; Elizabeth Swan; Lizzie Baker; Jean Beckworth; Lydia O LeFeore; M E Stickney; Mrs Henrietta Damoth; E Hine; Abigal Lawton; F Alonzo Burger; N J Bronson; M E Bronson; E W Johnson; Sophia Cook; Addie Wickersham; Celynda B Grundy; Emily Haworth; M M Stephenson; M Brewster; L N W Parkhurst; E L Gates; E E G Flinn; Polly Spurr; Amelia Bloomer, 2; Hannah Lamb; W Winslow; Salome Backus; A T Swift; Charlott C Barber; R M Sanford; J Price; Lizzie H Brown; Mary Linn; A A Buhl; L A Stone; Carrie M Porter; M J Edwards; Emily F Hickok; Emma E Card; Emory Tarbox; J R Abbott; Mary E Titus; Mary E Pease; E C Lamberton; Martha Hopkins; M E Frost; H W Beach; C Y Avery; Mary Severance; Ellen F Randall; E Newkirk; Elizabeth Zoller; Polly Miller; O Aldrich.

THE LITTLE SISTERS.

"You were not here, yesterday," said the gentle teacher of the little village school, as she placed her hand kindly on the head of one of her pupils. It was recess time, but the little girl addressed had not gone to frolic away the ten minutes, not even left her seat, but sat absorbed in what seemed a fruitless attempt to make herself mistress of a sum in long division.

Her face and neck crimsoned at the remark of her teacher, but looking up she seemed somewhat re-assured by the kind glance that met her, and answered—"No, ma'am, I was not, but sister Nelly was."

"I remember there was a little girl who called herself Nelly Gray, came in yesterday, but I did not know she was your sister. But why did you not come? You seem to love to study very much."

"It was not because I didn't want to," was the earnest answer, and then she paused and the deep flush again tinged that fair brow; "but," she continued, after a moment of painful embarrassment, "mother cannot spare both of us conveniently, and so we are going to take turns. I'm going to school one day, and sister the next, and to-night I'm to teach Nelly all I have learned to-day, and to-morrow night she'll teach me all that she learns while here. It's the only way we can think of getting along, and we want to study very much, so as to sometime keep school ourselves, and take care of mother, because she has to work very hard to take care of us."

With genuine delicacy Miss M—— forbore to question the child further, but sat down beside her, and in a moment explained the rule over which she was puzzling her young brain, so that the difficult sum was easily finished.

"You had better go out and take the air a few moments, you have studied very hard today," said the teacher, as the little girl put aside the slate.

"I had rather not—*I might tear my dress*—I will stand by the window and watch the rest.

There was such a peculiar tone in the voice of her pupil as she said, *I might tear my dress* that Miss M—— was led instinctively to notice it. It was nothing but a nine penny print of a deep hue, but it was neatly made and had never yet been washed. And while looking at it, she remembered that during the whole previous fortnight Mary had attended school regularly, she had never seen her wear but that one dress. "She is a thoughtful little girl," said she to herself, and does not want to make her mother any trouble. "I wish I had more such scholars."

The next morning Mary was absent, but her sister occupied her seat. There was something so interesting in the two little sisters, the one eleven, and the other eighteen months younger, agreeing to attend school by turns, that Miss M—— could not forbear observing them very closely. They were pretty faced children, of delicate forms, and fairy-like hands and feet—the elder with dark lustrous eyes, and chesnut curls, the other with orbs like the sky of June, her white neck veiled by a wealth of golden ringlets. She observed in both, the same close attention to their studies, and as Mary tarried within during the play time, so did Nelly; and upon speaking to her as she had to her sister, she received the same answer, "*I might tear my dress.*"

The reply caused Miss M—— to notice the garb of her sister. She saw at once that it was of the same piece as Mary's, and upon scrutinizing it very closely, she became certain

that it was the same dress. It did not fit quite so pretty on Nelly, and was too long for her, too, and she was evidently ill at ease when she noticed her teacher looking at the bright pink flowers that were so thickly set on the white ground.

The discovery was one that could not but interest a heart so benevolent as that which pulsated in the bosom of that village school teacher. She ascertained the residence of their mother, and though sorely shortened herself by a narrow purse, that same night, having found at the only store in the place a few yards of the same material, purchased a dress for little Nelly, and sent it to her in such a way that the donor could not be detected.

* * * * * * *

Very bright and happy looked Mary Gray on Friday morning as she entered the school at an early hour. She waited only to place her books in neat order in her desk, ere she approached Miss M——, and whispering in a voice that laughed in spite of her efforts to make it low and deferential—"After this week sister Nelly is coming to school every day, and oh! I am so glad!"

"That is very good news," said the teacher kindly. "Nelly is fond of her books, I see, and I am happy to know that she can have an opportunity to study them every day." Then she continued, a little good natured mischief encircling her eyes and dimpling her sweet lips—"But how can your mother spare you both conveniently?"

"O, yes, ma'am, she can now. Something happened she did not expect, and she is as glad to have us come as we are to do so."—She hesitated a moment, but her young heart was filled to the brim with joy, and when a child is happy it is as natural to tell the cause as it is for a bird to warble when the sun shines. So out of the fullness of her heart she spoke and told her teacher this little story.

She and her sister were the only chileren of a very poor widow, whose health was so delicate that it was almost impossible to support herself and daughters. She was obliged to keep them out of school all winter, because they had no clothes to wear, but she told them that if she could earn enough by doing odd chores for the neighbors to buy each of them a new dress, they might go in the spring.—Very earnestly had the little girls improved their chances, and very carefully hoarded the copper coins which usually repaid them.—They had each nearly saved enough to buy a calico, when Nelly was taken sick, and as the mother had no money beforehand, her own treasure had to be expended in the purchase of medicines.

"O, I did feel so bad when school opened and Nelly could not go, because she had no dress," said Mary. "I told mother I wouldn't go either, but she said I had better, for I could teach sister some, and it would be better than no schooling. I stood it for a fortnight, but Nelly's little face seemed all the time looking at me on the way to school, and I could'nt be happy a bit, so I finally thought of a way by which we could both go, and I told mother I would come one day, and the next I would lend Nelly my dress and she might come, and that's the way we have done this week. But last night, don't you think somebody sent sister a dress just like mine, and now she can come too. O, if I only knew who it was, I would get down on my knees and thank them, and so would Nelly. But we don't know, and so we've done all we could for them—*we've prayed for them*—and O, Miss M——, we are all so glad now. Ain't you, too?"

"Indeed I am," was the emphatic answer. And when on the following Monday, little Nelly, in the new pink dress, entered the schol-room, her face radiant as a rose in sunshine, and approaching the teacher's table, exclaimed, in tones as musical as those of a freed fountain, "I am coming to school every day, and O, I am so glad?" Miss M--felt as she had never done before, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. No millionaire, when he saw his name in public prints, lauded for his thousand dollar charities, was ever so happy as the poor school teacher who wore her gloves half a summer longer than she ought, and thereby saved enough to buy that little fatherless girl a calico dress.

American Invention.—No nation on the face of the earth equals the American, at present, in the number and variety of its inventions. Twenty-three patent claims, principally for labor-saving machines, were issued from the United States Patent Office at Washington, during the week ending June 6, 1854. This inventive, originating genius is capable of being developed by culture into the higher forms of art. To this end schools of design, for gratuitous public instruction, should be instituted in each State of the Union. No money could be more profitably expended than in thus drawing forth and elevating the latent taste of the people. Drawing, sketching and painting should also be introduced as important branches in our common schools. Were this system to be followed a few years, a new school of art would originate in the Western World that would rival all of grandeur, beauty and perfection in the old schools, because art would then revive to a more diversified and harmonious existence, coming from the mind of an illumined people, instead of, as in former times, from illumined individuals. The American will be the prophetic school or art—it will represent the moral warfare, and foreshadow humanity's great destiny. It will mould the outward by inward forms of beauty, until the canvass glows with human passions and aspirations. It will elevate labor to its true dignity, by patronizing the *morale* of the struggle—the heroism of conquering difficulties—the ascendancy of mind over matter—and take a more powerful hold of the sympathies of the world. Thus it will be when art revives again—and, in obedience to universal law, it must have its resurrection to a higher life in an advanced age, and among an enlightened and progressive people. The general taste being cultivated, the masters of this school will paint for the million, and feeling the exhilerating pulsations of humanity's great heart, their own will be quickened to loftier efforts—they will take in large, immortal draughts of inspiration from an admiring, sympathising world.—*Contra Costa.*

A Medal.—A bright gilt medal—*a tobacco pledge*—such, it is said, as the young girls of Boston are wearing, at present, suspended from the neck by a narrow ribbon, was handed us a few days since as a great curiosity. On the obverse of this medal, on a sprig of myrtle, stands a young American who has pledged himself to taste not—touch not the seductive weed. On the reverse is impressed, "Tobacco tends to idleness, poverty, strong drink, vice, ill-health insanity and death." An appalling train of evils, certainly, to follow from the use of a simple weed, yet we fear there is too much truth in it for the indulgence of levity. We have long been of the opinion that no *radical temperance reform* can be effected while tobacco is so generally used as a stimulus; for the reason that one stimulus taken freely into the system creates a demand for others, particularly where the one more frequently used cannot be obtained. This is a matter of every day experience. Tobacco creates an unnatural excitement of the nervous energies of the system, and an artificial want is produced that is clamorous in its demand for a supply, and, if the weed cannot be obtained, intoxicating drinks are resorted to "to keep up the tone of the system"—to prevent the horrible mental depression that follows the loss of this poison in the secretions. Thus we often see persons who indulged at first only in the use of tobacco, become confirmed in habits of intemperance by resorting to the wine-cup to allay nervous irritability induced by the use of tobacco, or keep up their flagging spirits when that weed could not be easily obtained, until they have at last fallen—as many a generous heart and noble intellect has in California—into the drunkard's grave—sad, pitiful wretches of humanity.—*Contra Costa.*

☞ Mildew stains are very difficult to remove from linen. The most effectual way is to rub soap on the spots, then chalk and bleach the garment in a hot sun.

The Perils of the Lungs.—With the exception of the eye, the Lungs are the most delicately constructed organs in the body, and life is in peril when they do not properly perform their functions. The least inflammation interferes with their regular action, and then the blood is imperfectly purified, the circulation becomes irregular, the Nervous System is disturbed, and the general health suffers. And it is in the *early stages* of the difficulty that the great mischief is done; for while the patient is *thinking* about his case, and considering whether or not he is really sick enough to need medicines, tubercles may be forming, or worse still, sometimes, may be *bursting* in the Lungs.—But if the proper remedy be promptly applied, the Cough, Cold or Catarrh is at once removed, and to use the words of Daniel Webster, the sufferer "breathes freer and deeper." Dr. Rogers' Syrup of Liverwort, Tar and Chancalagua is admirably adapted to the above class of diseases. It is prepared with special reference to them by an experienced physician; it is prompt in its action, *always safe*, and may be given to the youngest child or the most delicate female with perfect confidence in its success. Try it.

EPHRAIM H. SANFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate, Life and Fire Insurance Agent. Collects Claims in the West,
Office in the Post Office,
NEW LONDON, O.

D. C. BLOOMER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
AND LAND AGENT.
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

WILL promptly attend to all legal business, entrusted to him in Western Iowa and Nebraska Territory. He will also give particular attention to the purchase and sale of lands, for farming purposes; and also of Town Lots, in Council Bluffs and other places in Iowa; and in Omaha City, Winter Quarters, Belleview, and other towns in Nebraska Territory; the investigation of land titles, the payment of taxes for non-residents, the investment of money in real estate and all business connected with the Land Office in the district. Information in relation to the country, will be at all times freely communicated to persons addressing him on the subject, by letter or otherwise.

REFERENCES:

C. Voorhes & Co., Council Bluffs, Iowa.
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OFFICE—on Pacific street, a few doors south of the *Pacific House*, and near the Land Office.

Mr. B. will be in Council Bluffs early in April, and prepared to attend to all business that may be entrusted to him.

Dec. 15, 1854.